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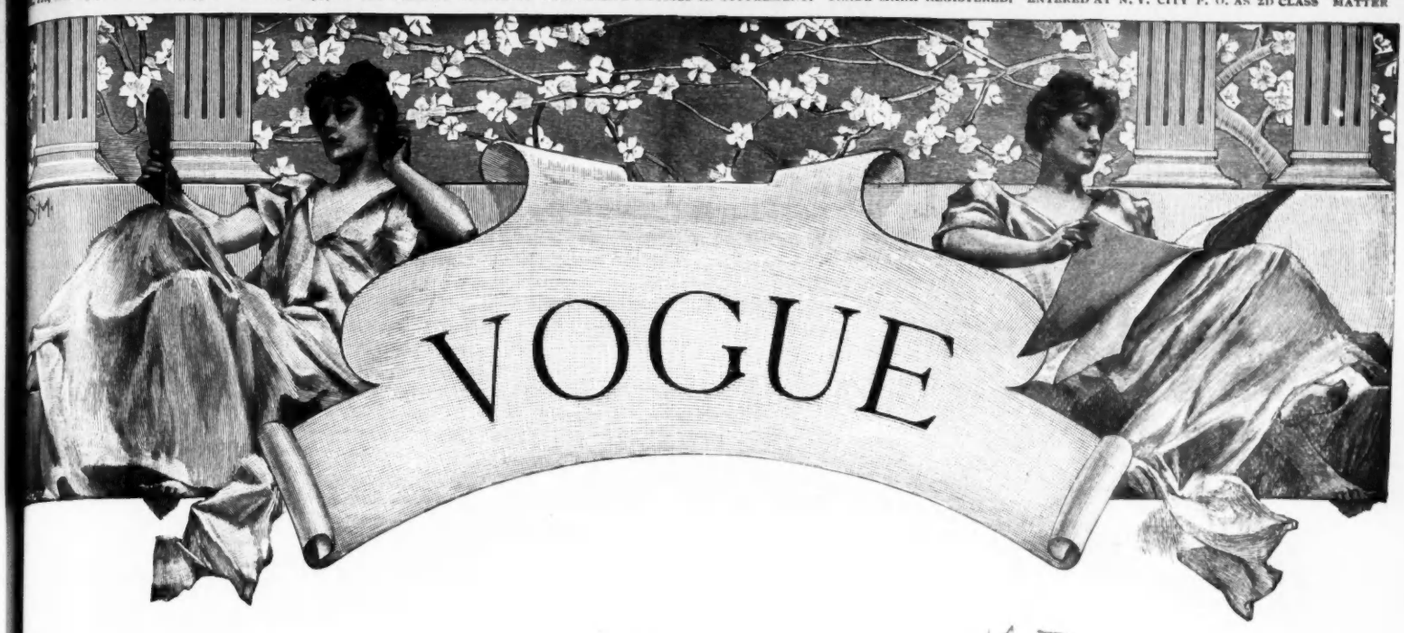

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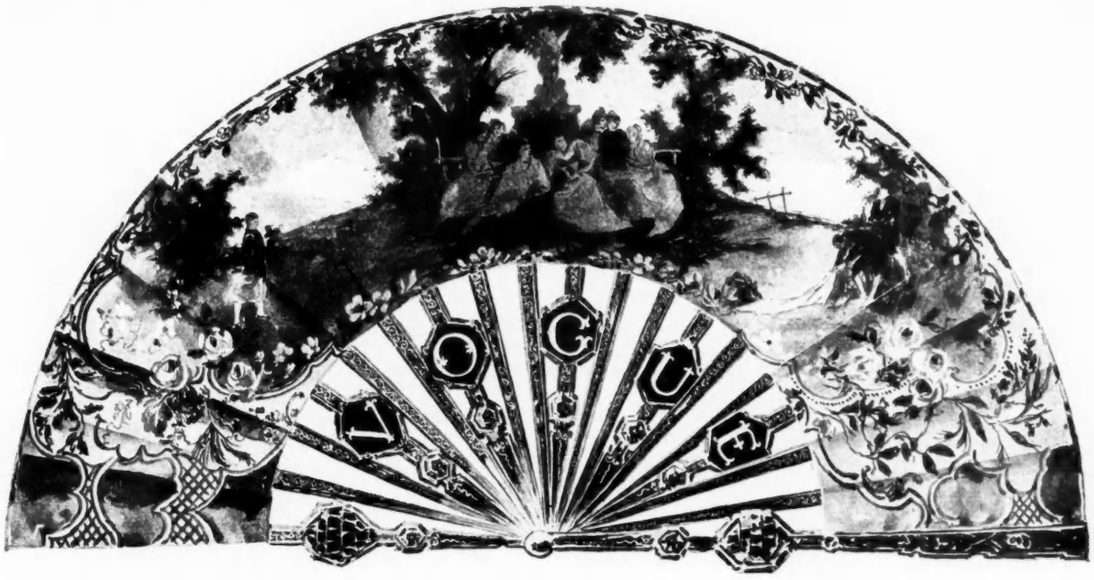


A JAPANESE DANCE

ONLY THIS AND NOTHING MORE

THe form is petite and her face is sweet,
And her color comes and goes,
As she glides along through the merry throng,
Like the red of a changing rose.
She's never still and she makes me thrill
As we swing in the waltz's whirl.
But my heart? Ah, well! It's as sound as a bell,
For she is my dancing girl.

She is small and slight, but a wondrous sight
Is the grace my maid displays
As she moves so fleet with her rythmic feet
In the dance's rapt'rous maze.
And I sometimes feel, as her dark eyes steal
To mine, and a golden curl
Rests on my hand—well, you understand--
But she's my dancing girl.

Back of her face and her wondrous grace
There's a womanly heart, maybe;
Devotion all—a soul within call
And a wealth of love for me.
Yet I say "good night" with a bow that's slight—
"Good night." And you think me a churl
To let her go? Well, maybe it's so;
But—she's only my dancing girl

Tom Masson.

SCOTCH SWORD DANCE

Ballet in the year 1746
HELEN MAITLAND ARMSTRONG

THE ALGERIAN DANCE

Comparatively few foreigners who travel in the Orient ever get as near the real life of the people as Herbert O'Keefe, though, oddly enough, he is not a good linguist, and, outside his native English, which he speaks with a fascinating Irish brogue, talks an olla podrida of all the tongues and bad accents of the earth—which has only one redeeming quality, that it seems to be understood by the natives of anywhere, for his servants are always devoted to him, and the high walls against which strangers beat their heads in vain for him suddenly have gates. His friends say it is his smile—a frank winning smile—combined with his huge stature. Certainly, he has all the Irishman's love of a fight and a way of planting well-aimed blows at the head of the oppressor, and then smiling sweetly, a combination that makes him much loved and feared in many an eastern country.

Without ties or responsibilities, he will pack up his traps and go off for a year or two whenever the whim takes him. One winter he settled down in a magnificent draughty old palace in Algiers. At the back of his own dwelling there was a great square palace which had the strangest attraction for him, and in the intervals—when he was not riding around on a great black horse or painting water colors in the cold, narrow streets, surrounded by a flock of Musselmen with chattering teeth—he got into the very bad habit of watching the opposite windows, though all he had ever seen was a glimpse of an arm and a fluttering piece of green veiling. Hot-headed, sentimental Irishman as he was, that mysterious hand and veil had a powerful effect upon him, and one moonlight night, when a faint tinkle of musical instruments came from behind the opposite wall, he could restrain his curiosity no longer and climbed over his roof, dropping heights impossible to a man of less stature, following the sound of the tinkling guitars until he was close to the parapet surrounding the roof of the harem.

XUM

THE MAY POLE

A group of girls, unguarded, were lying back on cushions strumming on long-handled guitars; the melody was so eery and queer that Herbert, knowing the ways of the Orient, recognized it at once as the old Algerian Witch Dance—the dance prohibited, inasmuch as the intoxication of it was apt to produce a panic in the harem.

In the centre of the circle of lounging girls stood, erect as a reed, a tall young woman, whose supple, slender brown body shone through her thin silk gown. She swayed and danced in the moonlight, playing with a long green veil that was spangled with stars. Gradually the music quickened, she seemed to float in an intoxication of sensuous movement; the girls rose, dancing about her with glittering eyes, holding their guitars over their heads and shrieking. Suddenly they stood transfixed—immovable—as, holding her spangled veil behind her like the wings of a butterfly, the girl absolutely faded from sight. For a moment she had stood in a beam of moonlight—then she was gone.

What little sense Herbert might have had left after seeing a woman float off a roof ninety feet from the ground was completely knocked out of him by feeling a fat arm around his neck, and it took him some minutes to find out that it was one of his own servants who had followed him. Somehow—Herbert for the most part carrying the devoted but fat Ahmed—they got home. Knowing the fate that awaits a stranger who ventures to pry into the sacred precincts of a harem, Herbert packed up his things the next day and went back to Ireland.

* * *

Many years after he was going around the world in a rich American's yacht. The party was a picked one of men who had lived and smoked in almost every part of the globe, and few sights were new to them. The vessel put in at Algiers, ostensibly to get fresh fruit, but really that they might see the witch dance of which Herbert gave such a marvelous account. Money, however, proved of no avail, and the disgruntled millionaire was about to order steam on the Gentle Jane when Herbert met his old servant Ahmed in the market, and after many parleyings and much transferring of gold coin was able to tell his companions that not only should they see the witch dance, but see it on their own ship the very next night if the weather was clear, the principal performer only stipulating that she should come on the ship at midnight—the hour when the moon was full — and depart without being spoken to.

These conditions only made it more exciting, and the following day the party acted very much like schoolboys, studying the sky for fear of a cloud and making bets on the possible appearance of the mysterious dancer.

About twelve o'clock the Gentle Jane steamed well out into the stream away from the other vessels; the men sat smoking and chatting in the moonlight; some half a dozen girls from a music house squatted in a circle on the deck near them, strumming the weird melody that Herbert remembered so well.

Then suddenly there sprang into the midst of the circle the tall, lithe girl, looking as young and beautiful as years before when Herbert had seen her dancing in the harem. She was dressed in the same kind of a clinging silk robe and the wind fluttered the great spangled veil with which she was shrouded. She danced until the pulses of those blasé rich men beat to a time that they had never known before—until the weary music girls flung their guitars away and beat time with their hands, shrieking wildly. For a moment she stood still, smiling full in Herbert's face with a look of recognition; then she spread her great veil and vanished.

Was it intentional or did something go wrong? There was a faint splash—but nothing of her was ever found or ever seen except her green spangled veil borne swiftly away on the current.

Polly King.

THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

A Prettier girl was never seen
Than great-aunt Susan at seventeen;
Fresher and sweeter than buds in May—
Or so thought handsome Jonathan Hay.
But alas! (The tale has been told before.)
Jonathan Hay was young and poor,
And old Van Tassel, her parents said,
Was a much more suitable man to wed.
And so, at Madam Van Rennselaar's rout,

'Twas old Van Tassel who led her out,
While Jonathan Hay could only frown
As he watched her trip the middle a down—
Until it came to his time to go
"Turning the ladies 'down the row,
When her hand pressed his in a timid way—
And that was enough for Jonathan Hay.
Next morn ere sunrise a chaise was seen
Turning the edge of the Bowling Green,

And the lovers, before they had missed them well
Were safe and married at New Rochelle.

That sort of thing doesn't happen now—
It all went out with the courtly bow,
The graceful dress and the careful phrase
Of the good Sir Roger de Coverley days.
The modern maid may perhaps give hope,
But *nothing* could make her swain elope.

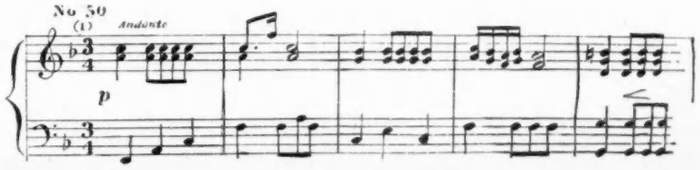
S. St. G. Lawrence.

"*Dear maid with patch and puff,*
With waist so short, yet long enough
To make man 'most forget
Pray dance with me, for by thy side,
I promise thee, my feet with pride
As lightly as my heart, will glide!
Wilt trip the minuet?"

Wooingly the music sighs!
He looks into her wondrous eyes;
'Tis but a glance, and yet!
Within our old ancestral hall,
Their pictures hang upon the wall;
And when dark silence reigns o'er all,
They trip the minuet!

Alvin Probasco Nipgen.

No. 50
(1) *Andante*



Valse Espagnole

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Op. 100.

All^o con spirito a la Valse

mf marcato

cresc.

cresc.

f ff

Ped. Ped. Ped.

Ped. Ped. Ped.

f pim placido

ff p

f

cresc

ff

poco rall.

mf

f

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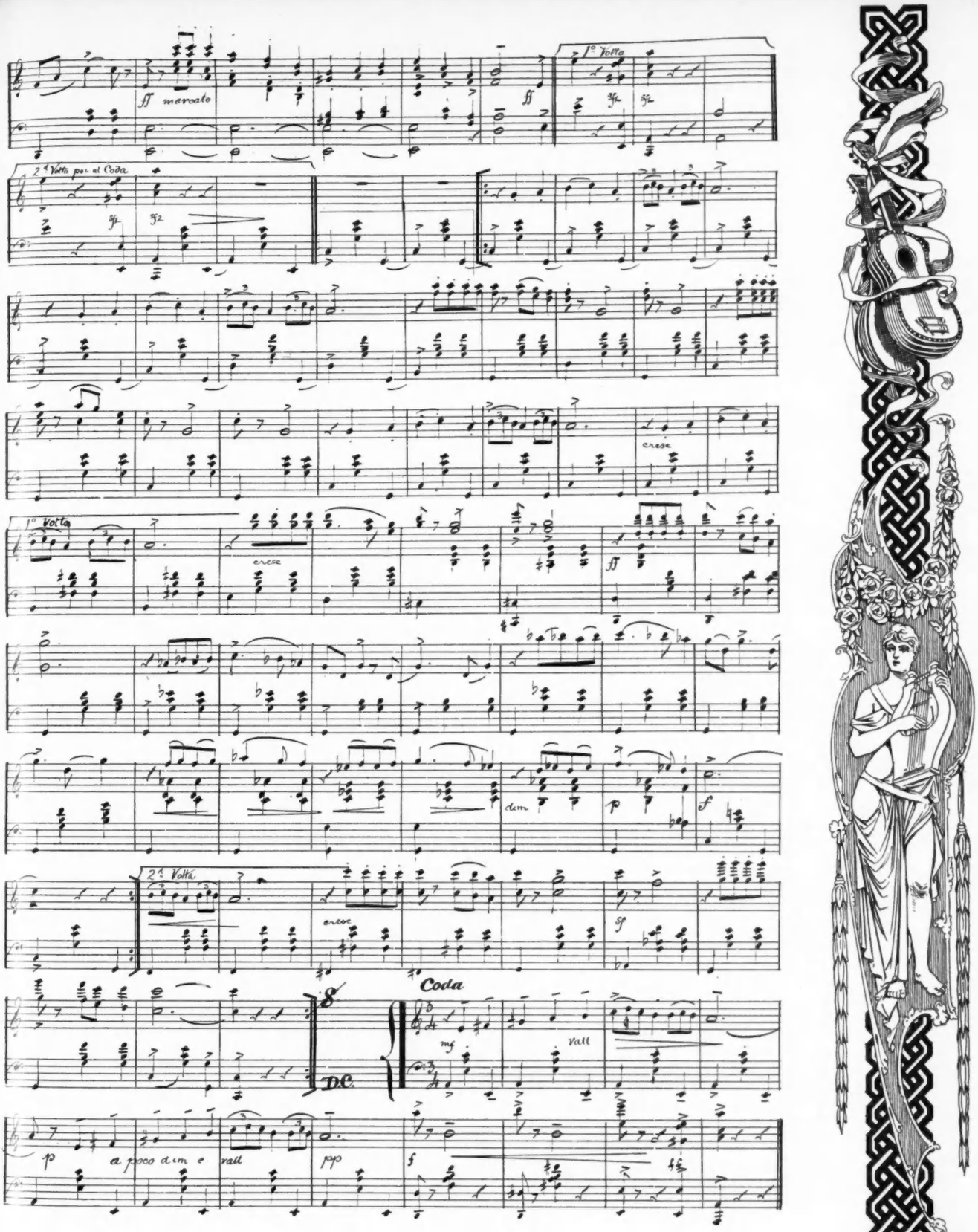

Reginald de Koven

THE SPANISH DANCE.

IN the vast, half-lighted kitchen of the rambling Spanish inn,
Pancha dances on the table to the tinkling mandolin.
Swarthy lovers watch delighted, loud applaudingevery swing
Of the slim, lithe, swaying body, every turn, and every spring
Loud the castanets are rattling, wilder, faster, grows the dance
All the scene seem steeped and floating in a halo of romance,
Such a mystic, old-world glamour one can scarcely understand—
Pancha fair is just the common genus "chippy" of her land! L.

LOvely woman, alas ! must fade
(Poets for hundreds of years have sung),
Excepting the gay little ballet girls,
And they are forever young.

I sit in the bald-head row and dream
That it all is twenty years ago,
As they dance beneath the colored lights,
Fluttering to and fro.

Light as a puff of thistledown,
A waving froth of billowy lace ;
Arms that move like orchid petals
And a smile on the painted face.

ENVOI

The dude will sit in the bald-head row ;
Hearts that are warm must some day grow cold.
But here's to the witching ballet girl,
The woman who never grows old !

K.

RUSSIAN DANCE

A DANCE IN DREAMLAND

THere was to be a dance that night in the Land of Dreams, and the air was full of rumors; it was reported that there was to be a noble lord present, and all the débutante dreams were eager to conquer him; it was whispered that the trouble between that young swashbuckler, Romance, and that serious young fellow, Realism, was likely to reach its culmination on this occasion. In expectation of all this the boxes had been sold out long ago; the affair was not only going to be largely participated in, it was also considered in the light of a spectacle.

Above all other questions, however, rose this one: who would be the fairest at this dance? There was to be a prize given to the dreams that danced most fittingly together, and had the fairest appearance. And, since all were to be masked, there was much curiosity abroad.

As the twilight turned into lamplit night, there began to be a clatter of wheels over the pavements; one caught glimpses of fur-decked shoulders and rose-wreathed hair, satin-slippered feet and long-gloved arms. There were also many quaint costumes in which the jollier spirits intended disguise until midnight; the streets were colorful with the dreams that were streaming toward the grand Assembly Hall that stood on Fancy Square.

When the first strains of the Mascagni intermezzo finally began to whisper their way over the polished surface of the ball room that place was filled with a delightfully varied set of dreams. There were good dreams and bad dreams, well-dressed dreams and dreams whose poverty was evidenced in dinginess of attire. In the Land of Dreams, you should know, there is no ranking according to wealth or virtues, or their lack. All, in that country, are dreams together, and no man asks if the other be a nightmare or not. Which is one of the reasons why so many of our earthly philosophers make as many visits as possible to that land, the Land of Dreams. Sometimes they go there through Sleepland, sometimes through smoke, and —well, there are many other ways, not all pleasant, but all leading to Dreams. But earthly philosphers are aside from this matter of the dance.

The noble lord proved to be no one but a Jacobite dream, a dream that fancied itself entitled to dream its dream under halo of England's crown. The other dreams said to themselves that he was something of a disappointment; one very young dream sat out all the dances with him and talked to him of the perfect life; he understood nothing, she said, and was intensely bored, but his manners forbade him leaving her and the conservatory. He passed from general notice. Young Romance and young Realism met and shook hands; presently going arm in arm to where that old roué, Decadence, stood, they harangued him so severely that he left the place in a huff and a hack. Whereupon those two took a dream-drink together, and were not seen again that night. They were seen the next day trying to telegraph for funds to Robert Louis Stevenson and Emile Zola respectively. But the only thing in this regard that concerns the present evening was that they disappeared.

There was nothing left save the dancing and the dénouement—the verdict as to the most fair couple on the floor.

All the evening there had been not the least doubt as to which of the girl-dreams would be declared the fairest of her kind. Never had the dream of Love seemed so gloriously fair, never had so much of purity, of promise, of delight, of sweetness, rested in her eyes, her breath, her very swaying grace—as on that night. She was known to all—spite of her disguises. Who but she had such a radiance in the eyes, such a flower-like softness of the hands, such a fairy, floating way? Even though she was dressed as a rose, with thorns all dangerous about the rosy gown she wore, yet dream after

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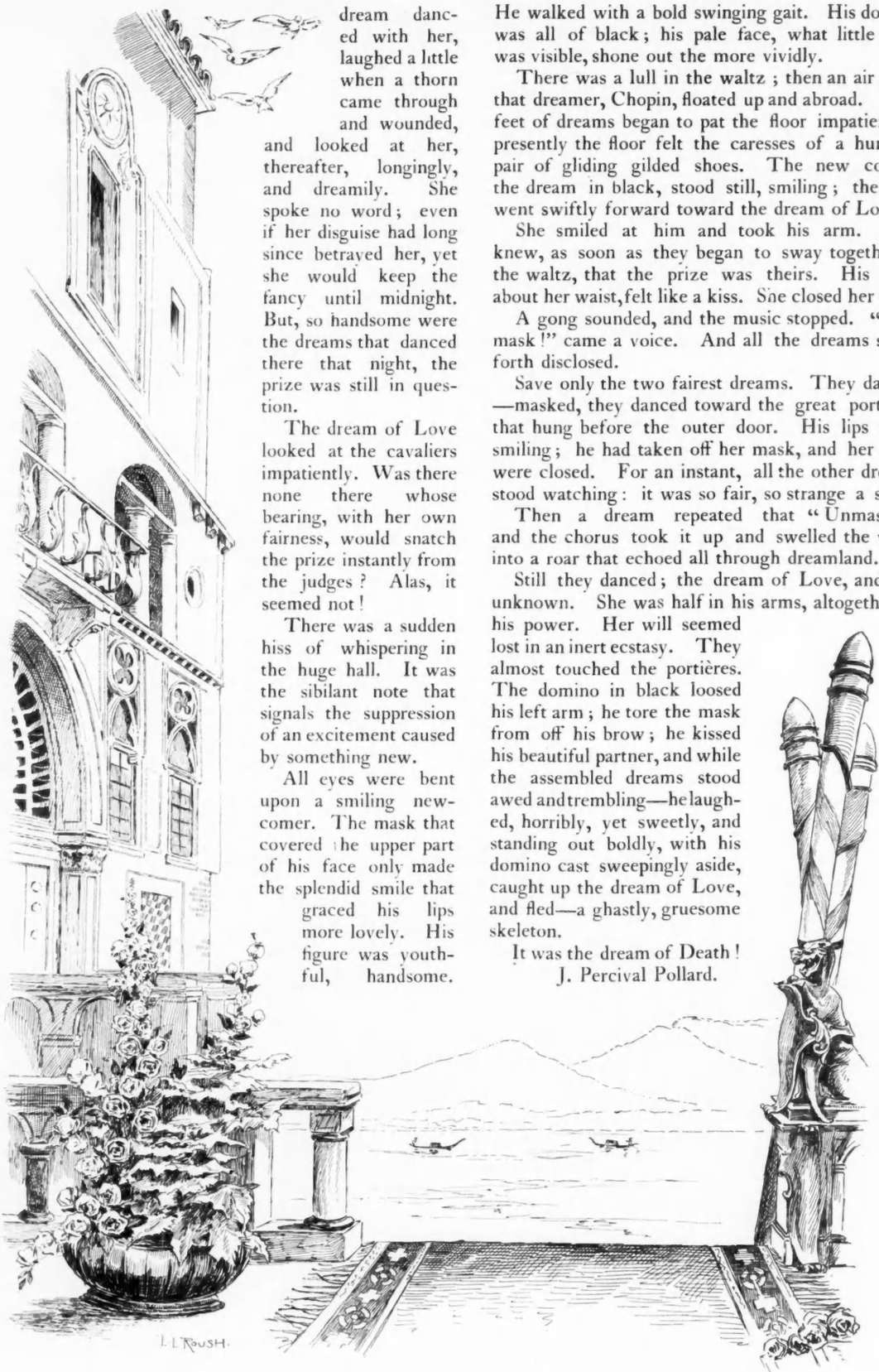
XUM

THE QUADRILLE ON HORSEBACK

WE learned on horseback a quadrille,
With much rehearsal and endeavor.
Our friends applauded with a will,
And all pronounced us very clever.

As Harry was my vis-a-vis,
And Jack my partner through its mazes,
The whole affair was nice for me,
And I am fain to sing its praises.

But while I glance, in retrospect,
At all the fun and praise it brought us,
I sometimes cannot but reflect
What fools the horses must have thought us!



dream danced with her, laughed a little when a thorn came through and wounded, and looked at her, thereafter, longingly, and dreamily. She spoke no word; even if her disguise had long since betrayed her, yet she would keep the fancy until midnight. But, so handsome were the dreams that danced there that night, the prize was still in question.

The dream of Love looked at the cavaliers impatiently. Was there none there whose bearing, with her own fairness, would snatch the prize instantly from the judges? Alas, it seemed not!

There was a sudden hiss of whispering in the huge hall. It was the sibilant note that signals the suppression of an excitement caused by something new.

All eyes were bent upon a smiling newcomer. The mask that covered the upper part of his face only made the splendid smile that graced his lips more lovely. His figure was youthful, handsome. He walked with a bold swinging gait. His domino was all of black; his pale face, what little of it was visible, shone out the more vividly.

There was a lull in the waltz; then an air from that dreamer, Chopin, floated up and abroad. The feet of dreams began to pat the floor impatiently; presently the floor felt the caresses of a hundred pair of gliding gilded shoes. The new comer, the dream in black, stood still, smiling; then he went swiftly forward toward the dream of Love.

She smiled at him and took his arm. She knew, as soon as they began to sway together in the waltz, that the prize was theirs. His arm, about her waist, felt like a kiss. She closed her eyes.

A gong sounded, and the music stopped. "Unmask!" came a voice. And all the dreams stood forth disclosed.

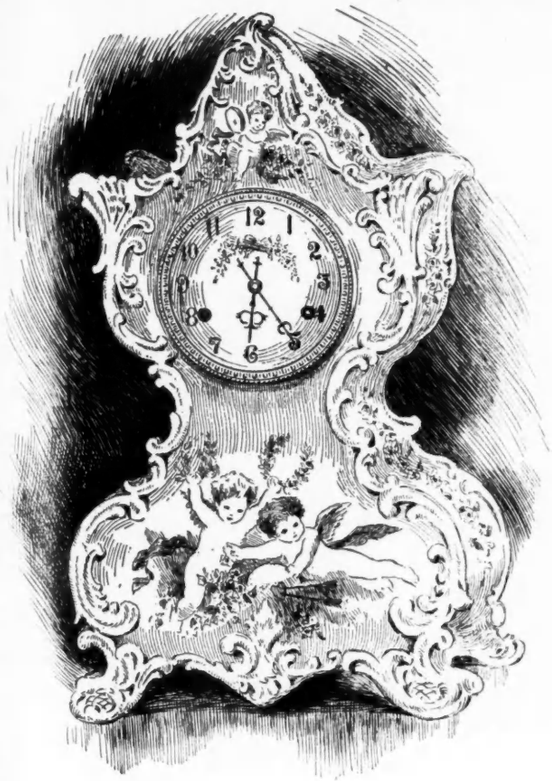
Save only the two fairest dreams. They danced —masked, they danced toward the great portières that hung before the outer door. His lips were smiling; he had taken off her mask, and her eyes were closed. For an instant, all the other dreams stood watching: it was so fair, so strange a sight.

Then a dream repeated that "Unmask!" and the chorus took it up and swelled the word into a roar that echoed all through dreamland.

Still they danced; the dream of Love, and the unknown. She was half in his arms, altogether in his power. Her will seemed lost in an inert ecstasy. They almost touched the portières. The domino in black loosed his left arm; he tore the mask from off his brow; he kissed his beautiful partner, and while the assembled dreams stood awed and trembling—he laughed, horribly, yet sweetly, and standing out boldly, with his domino cast sweepingly aside, caught up the dream of Love, and fled—a ghastly, gruesome skeleton.

It was the dream of Death!

J. Percival Pollard.



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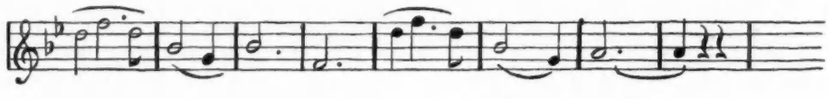

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TARANTELLA

SOCIETY

As the season goes on and every day is filled with engagements, it is difficult to find any time for the many charitable entertainments which are always given in New York during the winter. On this account Mrs. Arthur Dodge and Mrs. Richard Irvin have always cleverly chosen the Saturday after Thanksgiving for their annual doll sale at Sherry's for the benefit of the Virginia Memorial and Jewell Day Nurseries, in which they are interested. It was unfortunate in some respects, however, that last Saturday was also chosen for three or four large receptions were also given on that day, the principal one being that of Mrs. Willie Sloane to introduce her second daughter. Mrs. Sloane is always very prominent in this dolls' sale and her presence was greatly missed, as well as that of the people who went to her house and only stopped for a few moments at Sherry's, coming or going. The sale was very successful from a financial point of view. Mrs. Arthur Dodge, Mrs. Richard Irvin, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Charles Oelrichs, Miss Fair, Mrs. W. Storrs Wells, Mrs. Charles Francklin, Mrs. Willie Jay, Mrs. Willie Douglas, Miss Randolph, Miss Rogers, Mrs. Fernando Yznaga, Mrs. William Burden and Mrs. Earl Dodge, who had charge of the various objects which were for sale, were as untiring as ever in their efforts, and, apparently, the hard times (which it is fashionable to talk about) had no depressing effect upon the money which they collected. The dolls that were not sold will be for sale at Mrs. Arthur Dodge's in East Thirty-fourth Street.

The opera last week proved quite as fashionable as in years gone by, and the new arrangement of the boxes is certainly more brilliant in effect. The Opera House now really resembles much more La Scala at Milan than any other place of the kind. There is a good deal said about the arrangement of the boxes not being private. The partitions do not run all the way up as formerly, and the brass ornamentation which divides one box from another is not nearly so pretty. Looking at the people in the boxes it is difficult to tell who belongs to whose party. But cavilling is very foolish where the whole effect is so beautiful, and certainly the women's gowns show off remarkably well against the background that has been chosen.

Mrs. George DeForest, on Friday night, was quite regal in white satin trimmed with pearls, and with diamond ornaments; and Mrs. Sloane on Wednesday night looked quite too young to be the mother of the two handsome girls who were seated in the front of the box—Miss Emily Sloane in dark blue, and Miss Adele Sloane in a pale blue chiffon and satin gown.

The Vaudeville omnibus box makes a funny break on the second tier, and on the opening night of the opera it really looked most strange to see the rows of white shirtfronts, for the box was packed that night. It is somewhat aggravating to the fair sex to see that box so full of men who apparently have no desire to wander about the house paying calls to the occupants of the boxes. They seem so supremely content with their place and position as not to think it worth while to expend another dollar, which is necessary for them to do in order to gain admission to the other part of the house. The next thing will probably be that the women will have a ladies' club and arrange to have their part of the house quite separate also. Perhaps the extreme latitude which has been allowed in past years is about to take a sudden turn, and we will become Quakerish in some of our ideas, and in places of amusement and in church the men and the women will sit on different sides and content themselves with flirting merely by glances. The men will tell you that this is in revenge for the many hen parties and hen dinners which have been so popular, and it remains to be seen what the outcome of it all will be.

This week is emphatically the dancing week of the season, and although private balls are to be very few, Mrs. Twombly's to-morrow night for Miss Sloane being the first large private entertainment of the kind, the subscription dances are so many this year that one will fall on most every night, and for those who love it there will be plenty of this kind of amusement.

Last Saturday's receptions kept everyone busy, but, of course, the greatest crowd collected at the Sloane's house, at 612 Fifth Avenue. Fortunately, the house is large enough to accommodate most comfortably the numbers of people who were present. The débutante is not an exceedingly pretty girl, but she is attractive. Mrs. Fred. Vanderbilt, who received with Mrs. Sloane, wore a striking costume of black and white, which, in spite of the verdict against the combination seems to be just as much in favor as ever. Her gown was made with a black satin skirt, cut long, and the coat of white moiré heavily trimmed with silver and steel sequins. It was striking, but very chic. Miss Sloane is to have a dance given her by her mother on December 14th.

FROM CORNELIUS

Semaine d'une Parisienne (Continued)

"LA chasse" has always been a royal sport in France, from the earliest ages down to the present day. Its patron, Saint Hubert, must feel particularly happy this year, as game is very abundant. Stag hunting and boar hunting entirely replace fox hunting, which, except at Pau, where it was introduced a few years ago by the English and Americans wintering there, is entirely unknown in France. One of the reasons for this is undoubedly the absence of any number of large estates such as exist in England. In point of fact there is only one part of the country which approaches England in this respect, and it is in the rich region, almost Paris's neighbor, where are the estates of Bois-Bondard, the Count de Greffulhe, the Duke de Praslin's Vaux, the Marquis de Béthisy's Bressoy, Livry belonging to the Marquis Agnando, Saint Assise, the Prince de Beauveau and the magnificent domain Ferrière, belonging to Baron Rothschild. On these estates the whole arrangements for hunting will compare favorably with the best in England.

In addition to these, and for the benefit of the Parisian hunters, three hunting clubs exist, which are run by some of the swellest men in Paris. They hunt in the Chantilly forest, in the Bondy forest and the third at Mortfontaine.

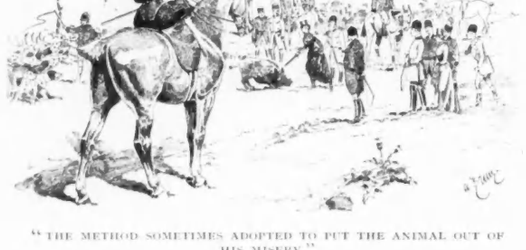
Monsieur and Madame naturally belong to one of these clubs, and early Wednesday morning they start for the rendezvous, which is very clearly shown in Brun's sketch. The French cor de chasse is to the ordinary mortal the most infernally noisy and unmusical instrument ever permitted to go about unchained in any civilized country. But to the hunter it tells a faithful story of just what is taking place when he is too far behind to see for himself, and each air has its meaning.

There are several splendid packs of hounds to be seen at the Dog Show every year, and unless I am greatly mistaken some of the French bastards have been imported into the United States.

"AND EARLY WEDNESDAY MORNING THEY START FOR THE RENDEZVOUS"

There is nothing to be said about the toilettes of the hunting women about Paris, but in sketch of the woman just clearing the very stiff hedge the costume of the Duchess d'Uze's hunt is faithfully represented, as is also the man's in the same sketch.

The Duchess hunts the wild boar, and another sketch represents the method sometimes adopted to put the animal out of his misery. The tendons of the fore legs are severed, thus preventing any forward movement of the beast, and then the sword is plunged between the shoulder blades just back of the neck. In fact the death is the same as that of a bull after a bull fight. Before this, however, the boar has perhaps killed one or two dogs, and wounded and maimed a dozen others with his formidable tusks.



"THE METHOD SOMETIMES ADOPTED TO PUT THE ANIMAL OUT OF HIS MISERY"

I never will forget, some years ago, while driving through the Forest of Fontainebleau, we came suddenly upon a boar at bay attacked by some twenty odd hounds. It was some minutes before the huntsman appeared and it was a cruel sight to see the dogs flung about, and their deep baying mingling with the squealing of the frightened, angry animal filled me with a realizing sense of the bitter intensity of the fight. When the huntsman did appear and saw so many of his best hounds hors de combat he did not wait for the rest of the hunt, but went up and shot the boar at once. He told me that it was what is known as a solitaire and consequently the most vicious and dangerous of his race. He bitterly bewailed the fact that it was always his best hounds that got hurt, as they are the bravest.

The remaining sketch shows the lancer, or the start of a stag hunt, and I am particularly pleased with the realistic treatment of the horse in the foreground. The noble animal is anxious to be let loose and the effect is very lifelike.

For some years I belonged to the shooting club at Mortfontaine, and as three out of four of the stags hunted would, as a last resort, take to the water, and as the hunt generally ended about at the same time as our shooting, we sometimes would stay to see the end. The stag is shot, and after the edible parts are removed the rest is covered with the skin, and the pack, kept back by the huntsmen with whips, howls vigorously. The cors de chasse toot out various airs de chasse, and finally the head huntsman, after shaking the antlers and otherwise exciting the pack, suddenly jumps to one side with the skin and the pack rushes at the meat, tearing the carcass to pieces in a jiffy, and its various members indulge in short, sharp, snappy fights over the choicest pieces.

After a most enjoyable day Monsieur and Madame returned home in time for a late dinner and they then went to a ball which I shall describe later on. Cornelius.

P.S.—I promised to answer the questions: "What materials are used for street costumes, and home and ball gowns?" and do so as follows:

Street Costumes—Of diagonals trimmed with fur; of velveteen, with Louis XV. jackets and rich waistcoats; in stamped velvets, in woolens called Mousquetaire, Danté, Pavir.

"THE COSTUME OF THE DUCHESS D'UZE'S HUNT"

Double skirts are also being worn—I will show several of these next week.

Ball and Home Gowns—Of glacé silk; of silk embossed with little flowers; of satin (the prevailing color at the gala at the opera for the Russians was bouton d'or); of very light

changeable velvets; of gauze. The waists of the ball gowns still have sleeves of a different color from the gown, and are also draped.

If the gown is of plain satin, the stuff employed for the waist will be embroidered with polka dots of gold, silver, blue steel, rainbow or iridescent. The waists of the gowns in glacé silk are entirely of lace.

Paris, 27 October, 1893.

PARIS

(From Our Own Correspondent)

EVery foreigner who has visited Paris has been struck by the enormous number of men wearing the rosette either of the Legion of Honor or else of some foreign decoration in the buttonhole of the lapel of their coats. Indeed, it seems to be the sole aim of the Frenchman of every class of society to become décoré, and once they have attained that distinction they never dream of moving out of the house without the rosette in their buttonhole. You may imagine, therefore, the sensation created during the past few days by the almost complete disappearance of these bits of ribbon, and for a time I was at a loss to understand the reason for this sudden access of modesty on the part of the chevaliers and knights of the various orders. It was not long before I was enlightened as to the cause, which is sufficiently amusing to be worth relating here. It seems that the young Anarchist who committed the murderous onslaught on the Servian Envoy while the latter was dining at the Bouillon Duval restaurant in the Avenue de l'Opera the other day, explained that he had selected the diplomat as his victim simply because he happened to be the only person in the place who was wearing the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole. He informed the police authorities that on the evening before the tragedy he had visited another restaurant, hoping to find there an aristocrat of whom "to make an example," and that while he saw a great many well-dressed men, none of them happened to be wearing a decoration; hence he postponed his design. The unfortunate Minister is at death's door, his wound being regarded as mortal, and meanwhile the idea that a decoration worn in the buttonhole is sufficient to mark one out as a suitable victim for an Anarchist's sentiments of hatred and hostility towards Society, has got the better of our men's vanity, and empty buttonholes are until further notice de rigueur.

"THE START OF A STAG HUNT"

Apropos of orders, it may interest you to know that Madame Carnot has just received the insignia of the Royal Order of Sainte Isabelle of Portugal, an exceedingly rare and highly-prized distinction, reserved exclusively for women. The compliment in the present case is rendered especially significant by the fact that the diploma handed to the President's wife, bears the signature of the Grand Mistress of the order, who is no other than Queen Marie Amelie, the eldest daughter of the Comte de Paris, now in exile for having conspired to overthrow the government of the Republic. The other French ladies who possess this Order are the widowed Maréchale MacMahon, the Dowager Duchesse de Luynes and the lady who, by the death of her husband's cousin, has just become Duchesse de Beauffremont. Its insignia somewhat resembles that of the Spanish Order of Louise, of which two American ladies, one the wife of General Burd Grubb, of New Jersey, and the Baroness Stumm, daughter of a New York banker, Von Hoffmann, are members. There are also a certain number of these orders in Germany, Russia and Austria, the lady members of which are officially designated as "canonesses or chanoinesses."

The genealogical qualifications for admission to these orders are as exacting as those of the Knights of Malta in the case of men. Besides admission to the Continental courts, the possession of one of these orders confers upon its holder, if an unmarried woman, the right of being addressed as Madame, instead of Miss, and carries with it all the social status, independence and immunity from control of a married woman. The insignia usually consists of a star worn on the left breast with a broad ribbon passing from the right shoulder to the left hip, where it is fastened by the jewel of the order. In some cases the jewel is worn fastened to a bow of broad ribbon on the left shoulder.

Nothing but velvet was worn by the ladies who were invited by the Princesse de Sagan to meet the Russian Grand Duchess Wladimir at déjeuner just before her departure for Russia. Her Imperial Highness wore an exquisite toilette of violet velvet, and so too did the Marquise de Massa. Mrs. Ridgway was in blue velvet, Princess Obolenski in red velvet, the Duchesse de Morny in cream satin and black velvet, the Marquise de Gallifet in mouse-colored velvet and the Vicomtesse de La Redorte, née Abeille, in black velvet. The blue of Mrs. Ridgway's velvet was of that particular deep tint known as bleu de roi. It was made in bell shape, while from hip to hem on either side ran graduating panels of embroidery, or rather the dress itself was cut out in fretwork design, and finally embroidered with jet and steel and fixed upon a lining of faint blue satin. The high corselet, edged with sable all around, and the lower portion of the sleeves, were of similar exquisite work and blue satin, while the guimpe collar band and full upper sleeves were of the plain and rich blue velvet, and with this was worn a charmingly becoming hat of dark blue velvet, trimmed with shaded pansies and ornamented on the front with a handsome antique buckle of wrought silver.

In proportion as the tendency towards masculine modes and mannerisms increases among our sex, the young men here, especially those of the "mal-vernis class"—I think they are called dudes in New York—become more and more effeminate. I believe this from what I hear to be the case nearly all the world over, but you can scarcely have any idea of its extent here. Our young men take as much care about their toilette and their appearance as does the greatest of our coquettes, whose entire arsenal of artifices they have adopted. They will spend hours in composing a "coiffure très jolie" and "très tendre à l'oeil." They suffer agonies to keep their feet small, wear gloves all the time, indoors and out lest the form and whiteness of their hands should be impaired, and even abstain from dissipation for fear that it should diminish the elegance of their figure and the finesse of their complexion. Their "dessous" are as dainty and as elaborate as those of a demi-mondaine. They use quantities of cosmetics and unguents of one kind and another to maintain their skin soft and supple, become ill with fright at the bare idea of putting on flesh, add carmine to their lips, kohl to their eyes, powder and cold cream to their cheeks and take to their beds and call in a doctor if a pimple should happen to appear on their noses. You hear them openly priding themselves on the fact that their hosiery is neither banale nor prosaic, but poetic as a dream; they actually boast of spending hours in admiring their figure before their cheval mirrors, and they are so anxious to keep their socks and their nether garments in good shape that they actually have plaster casts of their legs, sometimes to the number of nearly a hundred, on which these garments are carefully drawn. There is only one thing that saves these creatures, and that is the military service which most of them are forced to undergo and which furnishes them, temporarily at any rate, with a little of that manliness in which they would otherwise be entirely deficient. Compulsory service with the army, so much decried in America, is not, therefore, altogether without its advantages.

Comtesse de Champdoce.

Paris, November, 1893.

LONDON

(From Our Own Correspondent)

THe hunting season is now in full swing, every enthusiastic slaughterer of poor little red Reynard having his or her book full up with engagements until Christmas, covering all the best known packs.

Of course the Quorn is first favorite, and the pretty little town of Melton Mowbray is just now at its brightest and gayest. Very smart, indeed, was the first meet of the redoubtable Leicestershire pack. Yesterday's weather, though not the ideal "southerly wind and cloudy sky" dear to the sportsman's soul, was still sufficiently soft to make a good run possible. A more brilliant gathering at Kirby Gate has not been seen for many years than

that which assembled to do honor to the new Master of Fox Hounds, Lord Lonsdale. Lord Lonsdale is not only a keen sportsman, but also one of the most popular of Society men, and his acceptance of the Quorn Mastership is a matter of congratulation to all concerned.

The woman element was very much to the fore at the opening run. Among the most noteworthy were Elizabeth, Countess of Wilton, escorted by her second husband, Mr. Vichris Pryor, and whose house, Egerton Lodge, is always one of the most hospitable at Melton Mowbray. The Countess of Cardigan, that most indefatigable of sportswomen, despite her non-juvenality, be it yachting, hunting or shooting, came over from Newmarket; Mrs. Sloane Stanley, looking remarkably pretty and faultlessly "got up," was accompanied by her husband and her brother, Mr. Rose, with whom also was handsome Mrs. Adair; Mrs. Arthur Paget came with the Billerdon Manor House party; Major Candy brought his wife from Somerby, but their daughter, the Duchess of Newcastle, did not accompany them. Miss Livingstone rode over from East Norton, and Sir Bache Cunard was one of the Holt Hall contingent.

I always maintain that the smart modern woman never shows off to better advantage than when well mounted on a thoroughgoing hunter, perfectly habited, easy in seat, light of hand, alert, capable, determined to be in at the death; hard enough to stand a long day's spin over roughest country, and yet turn up feminine and languid to the tips of her fingers at the regulation eight-forty-five house dinner party.

It is a sign of the times and progression that so assured and looked for is the woman sportsman at all the biggest meets, most of the old established hunts have evolved a special livery for their lady followers. The Cottesmore uniform, for instance, is green with turn-back facings of scarlet; the Eastbourne effects a dark gray skirt and cutaway coat, set off by a white duck waistcoat and folded tie. The Beaufort pins its affections to dark blue face cloth, relieved by touches of buff; Goodwood also affects navy blue with facings of Cambridge blue; South Nottinghamshire wears chocolate brown and turquoise, while the Bexhill harriers have adopted dark forest green, with a white Tattersall vest and just a suspicion of white repeated as an edging to the collar. Buttons play a very conspicuous part in correct feminine hunting attire. Silver links engraved with the crest of the particular hunt of the day are the latest fad, and ring the changes with vulcanite double buttons similarly embellished; and hunting women who patronize a special hunt uniform are decidedly particular that their change of links conforms to the pack they follow.

The engagement of the moment is, of course, that of Miss Adèle Grant, the one-time fiancée of the late Earl Cairns, who afterwards married Miss Heseltine. Miss Grant is a very beautiful young woman and one of the most popular of transatlantic belles. At Willis's Rooms the other evening she was the lady of importance at Lord Essex's dinner, and carried off the honors with the utmost dignity. The Duchess of Manchester was also one of Lord Essex's guests, and at another table I saw Lord and Lady Terence Blackwood quietly dining with Baron and Baroness Alfred von Oppenheim, a happy little partie carrée. Lady Terence Blackwood, I thought, looked very ill. She has lost all her pretty color, which was her chief charm, and she seemed languid and distraite. By a most lucky chance Lord Terence Blackwood has unexpectedly come into a legacy of £10,000. Owing to the obscure wording of a will £50,000, which should have gone intact to the intended legatee, Lady Dufferin, has by legal judgment been divided among her children. A most happy windfall for them, and especially to Lord Terence, who had only his diplomatic salary and £300 a year private income. Lord and Lady Terence Blackwood are now in Ireland; they return to London the last of this month, and before going back to Paris will be the guests of Mr. Monroe and Lady Helen Ferquerson.

Willis's Rooms, by the way, is now the smartest restaurant going. Even the Savoy and the Amphyriton pale before the charms of what once was Almack's, in the old days of our great-grandmothers. By a curious coincidence the other evening Lord Charles Montagu sat almost vis-a-vis to Lady Terence Blackwood. He was one of the Duke of Cambridge's dinner guests, with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and, as a former admirer of Miss Davis, the situation was decidedly interesting.

The only smart political entertainment this week was Lady Harcourt's reception in Downing Street last evening. Lady Harcourt looked very handsome and grande dame in black velvet with some lovely old Honiton lace and diamonds. Sir William was in the best of spirits as he took in Lady Spencer to supper, who also was gowned in black; Lady Davie wore a very simple toilette, and Lady Evans looked charming in pearl gray satin, old lace and La France roses. The United States Ambassador was very much in evidence, and Mrs. Bayard, though so quiet and retiring, was quite one of the guests of the evening. As usual, she wore a toilette of gray satin—gray seems to be her only nouance, which is unfortunate, as it does not suit her in the least. Canon Farrar was one of the most conspicuous guests, as was also Sir Francis Evans, K.C.M.G., M P., who received congratulations on all sides on his appointment to a City Deputy Lieutenancy. The Premier and Mrs. Gladstone, for whom the "at home" was given, were prevented coming owing to the death of Sir Andrew Clark.

Wednesday afternoon I spent in the ladies' gallery of the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone came in about half-past three, took his seat on the Government bench, folded his arms, crossed his legs, leaned back his head and went quietly off to sleep. Not even Sir Charles Russell, Sir Edward Clarke, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour or Mr. Cobb could arouse him from his gentle slumbers, though they discoursed on his favorite topics, the Parishes and Labor Liabilities Bills. I thought the G. O. M. looked very careworn and aged; he had lost, too, his clear pink and white coloring, always such a sign of health with him. To-day, much to the apprehension and regret of all his friends, he acts as pall bearer at the funeral of his old dearly loved friend and medical adviser, Sir Andrew Clarke, at Westminster Abbey.

The Princess Colonna is for the moment staying with her mother, Mrs. Mackay, in Paris. There seems the little or no doubt as to the legal separation pending between her and Prince Colonna becoming un fait accompli. Mr. Mackay refuses, so I am told, to pay his gambling debts any longer. Sixty-nine thousand francs was the last item, and even the most indulgent step-father-in-law cannot be expected to go on for ever advancing thousands to a spendthrift Italian noble. The Princess Colonna was married in 1885 to Don Ferdinand Colonna, Prince of Galatio and Paliano, a Spanish grandee of the first class, and the oldest son of Don Marc Antonio Colonna, fifth Prince and chief of the Stigliano branch of the famous Colonna family. The Princess Colonna is one of the sweetest and most charming of American grande dames; she is as unaffected as she is sincere, and everyone who knows her sympathises most truly with her in her unfortunate troubles.

Diane.

OF INTEREST TO HER

ORiginality is at a premium, and any trifle which secures the desired variety is hailed with joy. I must tell you of a violet luncheon at which I was present quite lately. The violets were the rich colored Parmas, and they were disposed around the table in a garland of the new shade of cérise velvet ribbon looped and bow-knotted between the full, generous, almost massive bunches of the fragrant flower. It was a new and most unusual note of color harmony, and wonderfully effective.

At this same luncheon there was a novelty of service which was rather happy. The oysters—by the way, they were not the tasteless little things which people call "blue points"—they were of fair size, and a seafaring nature, with a flavor. However, this is an aside. As I was saying, these very delectable shell fish were served on plates which were apparently of crystal. There was no appearance of ice in the matter, and it needed the sense of touch to convince one that the apparent crystal plate was really composed of pure ice deftly fashioned into that form.

Everyone knows Mrs. Fernando Yznaga's type of beauty. It is purely French in character, the sort of figure which Greuse and the other men of his day delighted to paint. A lissome, girlish form with sloping shoulders and the well-shaped head poised gracefully on a long, rounded, but rather slender neck. Take a pretty woman of this type, robe her in a white diaphanous garment with grayish green shadows, and background, this with leaves and roses, with just one little patch of blue sky visible through the foliage, and you will have the charming portrait which Mr. Munzig is just completing of Mrs. Yznaga.

Mrs. Elisha Dyer is a different type. She is more of the modern Anglo-American sort, and for her Mr. Munzig has adopted a different treatment. Mrs. Dyer's portrait is in an oval frame and the background foliage sets off the exquisite coloring of the soft, golden brown hair. It is a charmingly happy portrait of a most attractive subject.

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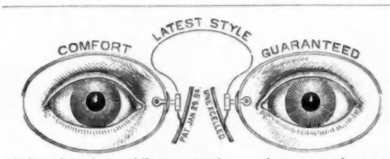

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If I wanted to take "mine ease at mine inn," and especially if I had a great surplus of gowns—by the way, did a woman, even Queen Bess with her thousand robes, ever have a surplus of gowns?—if I were so situated my prayer would be that I might find as

accommodating a host—or superintendent, I believe they are called now—as did a lady at Tuxedo the other day. This lady has gowns—in fact, she has a large number of them—and the official in question noted that the lady's suite of rooms did not afford wardrobe space in which to arrange these confec-

tions to advantage. So this gem of a manager added another room to the suite and fitted it up as a great wardrobe, with ample space for the display of all the gowns; and more, he had electric lights so arranged that when the door of the room is opened the whole place is flooded with light. When we consider the only partially veiled animosity with which the average man regards a woman's array of boxes and her multiform chiffons, such consideration deserves notice and commendation.

WHAT SHE WEARS

The first night of the opera brought out some most stunning toilettes, and the scene was really very beautiful. Light colors and good effects are decidedly in fashion this season for evening wear, although there are a great many velvet gowns worn, trimmed with lace and jet. Among the noticably handsome gowns I saw one of pearl gray satin trimmed with steel passementerie. It was cut with long, very full train, on the front breadth of which the steel passementerie was put to form odd-shaped figures. The waist was round, but extended below the waist line. It was cut décolleté, and the entire front was one mass of steel embroidery. The neck was finished with soft folds of the satin. The

sleeves were large puffs of the satin, finished with a band of the steel passementerie. In the woman's hair was a steel and white aigrette, which formed the finishing touch to a very chic little coiffure.

I saw a very handsome blue velvet gown worn which was made absolutely plain, in princess fashion and unrelieved by any lace. The velvet around the low-necked waist was laid in soft folds, and was much embellished by several very handsome diamond ornaments. The woman who wore this gown also wore a superb solitaire diamond necklace and a diamond ornament in her hair.

Mrs. Jaffray wore a very stunning gown of black moiré trimmed with duchess point. The moirés this winter are of a very curious weave, which resembles somewhat old-fashioned poplin or alpaca. They are very expensive, and while very handsome are rather old in effect, and I do not believe will be very popular for any length of time.

At one of the swell weddings last week I saw some very pretty gowns which I have not seen before. One was a black velvet made like the black cloth costumes which were so much in evidence at the Horse Show in the afternoons, made with a full skirt and three-quarter length coat, turned back with broad

revers, and worn with a large hat trimmed with ostrich plumes.

At a reception I noticed particularly a light gray silk which had a polka dot of satin woven into it. It was trimmed with steel and made in this same style of coat and plain skirt, and had a vest and jabot of white point lace, and was exceedingly becoming. The bonnet to match was a very tiny affair of white lace and steel ornaments.

The new mantles and capes are very striking in appearance. Capes are not much worn in the street, but seem to be kept more for carriage and evening wear. They are very cold garments, no matter how warmly they are lined and interlined, and are really of very little use

if the day is windy. One of the prettiest I have seen was made of a very curious shade of brown velvet and had a pointed yoke of moss green velvet, from which fell a very deep flounce of white guipure lace. The collar was, of course, very high in the neck, and was of the velvet like the yoke.

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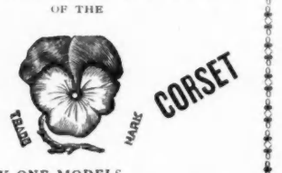

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A pretty walking costume at one of the swell tailors, I saw last week. It was made of the finest broadcloth, black, of course. The skirt was braided in a curious pattern, very broad at the hem, and narrowing to the hips, and was finished around the hem and down the two-gored seams in front with narrow bands of Persian lamb. The waist was round with a seamless back, gathered in at the waist line and fitting absolutely smooth. The sleeves were of black satin, enormous in size, and the front of the waist was trimmed with V-shaped revers which extended outside the shoulders and on which were laid smaller revers of the cloth, braided with the same pattern as that on the skirt. There was a full front of the black satin with three bands of white satin ribbon covered with black guipure lace. The broad revers were edged with the tiny white ribbon, covered also with the very narrow guipure lace. The collar was of white satin covered with the broad lace like that which was on the full vest. It was one of the most dressy cloth costumes I have seen, and extremely pretty.

AS SEEN BY HIM

THanksgiving, with its attendant train of turkeys and footballs, is over. It has become like the Horse Show and the opening night at the Opera, a part of the history of the past. I like national festivals. I like rejoicings of a universal nature throughout a country. One needs a breathing spell, and the common people are much benefited and more contented by these occasional rests from the monotony of existence. As yet we have had too few holidays. I have never seen a real jolly American crowd, such as one can always find even in London on that banale festival, Lord Mayor's day, and certainly in Paris, in Vienna and in Berlin on a moment's notice.

We think too little of play, too much of work, and we consider merrymaking en masse beneath us. Now and then we reserve a day in which to try our digestions with indigestible things, or to mope about the club, or fly to the country, away, away from the city, in utter desperation.

In Paris, although not in sympathy with the present form of its government—I always sit instead of rising at church when they sing the anthem Domine fac salvam rempublican—and escape the noisy fourteenth and its fireworks by a trip to the provinces. Still, I frequently return late in the evening and take great pleasure in watching the populace dance on the sidewalks and in the streets. This is not merely a Gallic ebullition, because I have seen the same in foggy London and in sedate Berlin. But a sidewalk ball in New York—never! I am of the same mind as my charming friend, Julian Gordon, who bewails the absence in this country of a clean, picturesque peasantry. The peasant is utterly unknown with us. There is no distinctive garb except among the Quakers, and even these simple folk are blooming out in Sixth Avenue fashions. Thus we have hardly what might be called national festivals, and country and town alike on these occasions are dull and stupid. We never seem to enter into the spirit of the festivity.

Again, I cannot help admiring the stolidity of Americans well born in the many vicissitudes and changes of life. I do not believe in the emotions or, at least, in their exhibition. The man to my taste is the one who is well groomed—who wears the proper garments at the proper time, who appears in public, on the street, at his club, in the drawing-room and at the play as the same seemingly unimpressionable, calm individual. I have frequently noticed, when such a man walks into his club, that there is a hush and that, although men hate to acknowledge it, still there is a feeling of secret admiration for this person, whom they may pronounce loudly as a stupid ass. If misfortune—particularly financial misfortune—should overtake us, then we should be more than careful not to allow people to see that any resentment at slights and snubs is felt. Should I lose my money to-morrow, I would certainly expect any number of my friends to drop me. Life is too short to be sympathetic except in cases where sympathy is akin to self-interest. Of course we loudly deny that we ever have possessed such emotions, and yet au fond we cannot help it. It is only natural. Can I be seen on the Avenue with Jack Spendthrift, who has lost all his money, who has actually been obliged to dispense with a valet, and who is living on the third floor of a cheap boarding house? I feel very sorry for him, poor fellow, but my friendship at this moment is as embarrassing to him as it is to me. He cannot afford to keep up with me, to appear as well dressed as I, and his appearance is more of a mortification to himself than to me. He bores me. His interests are not the same. I would never cut him. I consider rudeness vulgar, and anything done which tends to hurt the feelings of a man, rudeness. I think one can grow poor gracefully, but if I should experience that misfortune, I think I should keep out of the way of my former associates until I could better my fortunes. Society is merely a stage, and we are all actors. We should appear as the setting, and the play demand, or we should be fined by the stage manager and hissed by the public.

Frequent letters have reached me on the subject of dress. I wish I could give some of my friends some hints about novelties. A word as to the butterfly bow for evening wear. Since my haberdasher on Regent Street sent me some of these two seasons ago I have found them rapidly increasing in popularity. For the benefit of my out-of-town friends I would suggest writing aud leaving an order, if not with their own local man, certainly with one of those whose advertisement may be found in this paper. Among the advertisers in Vogue are many who not only represent the very cream of the trade, but who are people, many of them whose notices appear only in this journal. The evening tie, whether the butterfly or not, should be of material stiffly starched, almost to the consistency of cardboard. There is required some deftness to tie the butterfly.

It may be made of heavy silk, but I prefer lawn. One who has had experience in tying silk knots should not find much difficulty with this tie. I do not mind if a tie is slightly crumpled, but any one who wears a ready-made one is beyond all hope or consideration.

I have also been asked a number of questions about weddings. I have frequently been an usher, several times best man, but never—as I am a confirmed bachelor—one of the high contracting parties. Morning and afternoon weddings exact the same style of dress—that of a gentleman paying an afternoon call. Frock coats, of vicuna, buttoned or unbuttoned—the new style with large lapels and skirts slightly below the knee, and not as long as formerly—striped trousers, pearl gray gants de suèdes, with stitching in same colors, gray or white silk four-in-hand, having ends tied with Prince's knot, patent leather boots and top hat. One glove may be worn only, to correspond with the recent fashion in women's sleeves, which admit of no gloves.

The gloves, scarf-pin and the scarf—the gift of the bridegroom to each of his ushers and to his best man—should be done up in neat boxes and presented at the farewell bachelor dinner. Chrysanthemums are in vogue at weddings for boutonnières. A sit-down breakfast is much preferable to a buffet arrangement; but if a large reception is given I believe the latest English idea is to give as little as possible, a large luncheon with an ample menu being considered vulgar. At the marriage of Miss Flora Davis to the son of the Lord Terence Blackwood at Paris, recently, the very lightest of refreshments were served, almost the same menu as used for an ordinary afternoon tea. I have used the term morning and afternoon wedding on account of Catholics, who marry at nuptial masses before midday, and of whom there is in the South, and even here in New York and Philadelphia, a large contingency in Society.

Evening weddings are bad form and have been so for a decade or more.

HORSE NOTES

LIght-harness racing for the season of 1893 at Fleetwook Park ended on Thursday, and for the rest of the year, and up to the time when next the trotting season opens, the contests at Fleetwood will be decided around the big open fire in the club house. During the twenty-three years of its history, Fleetwood has never had such a successful season. Not even in its palmiest days, when the members of its fur-coated brigade made it their headquarters, has the oddly shaped course been so near the front rank, either in the matter of new records or of grand contests. The idea that the love of light-harness racing, and of that distinctly American type of horse, the trotter, had died in the hearts of New York men was proved to be false, for the spirit, although it had been dormant for a number of years, awakened, and after its long sleep burst forth with enthusiasm. Now that the fact has been established that New York city and its vicinity really contain a lively sentiment in favor of light-harness racing, numerous driving associations are anxious to have their meetings held over the old Westchester track. The New York State Trotting Horse Breeders' Association will hold its meeting next season at Fleetwood, and this, with the other big meetings arranged for, will keep trotting up throughout the season. The additional meeting will be an interesting one, and larger purses than usual will be offered to attract horses of a calibre acceptable to a New York crowd.

The extension of the lease of Fleetwood Park to the New York Driving Club is practically settled for two years more. It was at first the intention of the Board of Governors to look for a suitable piece of ground above the Harlem River, on which to build a track and club house. The successful meeting of this year induced capitalists to pledge themselves to loan the necessary funds, but a suitable piece of ground could not be found, and the plan was laid over until after next season.

The track next year, however, will have changed some. Several thousand dollars will be spent in building a larger and more comfortable grand stand, the stables, which were destroyed by fire a few weeks ago, will be replaced by new ones, and all that human ingenuity can do to make a track fast will be done to the Fleetwood track.

All that is now left of the magnificent Palo Alto Farm Stud are a few stallions and about twenty mares. When Senator Leland Stanford died a few months ago much interest was excited among trotting horse men as to what would be done with the magnificent breeding stock. The query of the horsemen was answered when Vogue announced that more than three-quarters of the immense and rapidly increasing number of horses on the farm would be sold at auction, and only a few retained to carry out the breeding theories of its founder. This idea is as much a matter of sentiment as business, for it is not the intention of the estate to breed horses hereafter on anything like the magnificent scale as was practised during the life of California's great benefactor. Four places were selected for the sale of the horses on account of the large number to be disposed of. The New York consignment, numbering about one thousand, was sold at the American Institute last week, and all brought good prices.

Horse and carriage dealers are beginning to feel encouraged for the prospect of winter trade. With the advent of the Horse Show, most of the patrons of the dealers returned to New York, and the sale of horses and carriages has been much larger during the past two weeks than at any time during the past six months. Most of the vehicles now seen in the Park and on the road are fresh from the carriage makers' warehouses, and some of them are very handsome in design. Stringency in the money market seems to have been forgotten, for purchasers seem satisfied, and are not holding on to their money as they did a month or two ago. The horse market, considering everything, is remarkably good, for first-class animals, and the demand for horses fit for carriage, victoria and cart is greater than the supply. High steppers are wanted badly, and recently I have noticed more of these graceful animals in Central Park than ever before. They are not hackneys, but they have a medium hackney action that is desirable.

Who can say what animal we may not use in place of the horse in the near future, when it is learned that in India the natives are developing trotting oxen? The sloping quarter and straight hock of the oxen may possibly account for something in their horse-like gait, but what would you say, reader, if you saw Colonel Kip or some other equally ardent admirer of the trotter, sweeping up the Avenue behind a yoke of trotting oxen, instead of behind his favorite team, Mona and My May? One of the first things to strike a stranger in India is the hurrying oxen. Throughout the Mahratta country the ox is the common draught animal. Cattle of the Magore breed, used by rich men to draw their state carriages, used to be kept near Delhi for carrying dispatches. This breed has none of the awkward, swinging motion of the cow, but bring the hind legs under them in as straight a line as does the horse.

Luis de Ojega, a wealthy young Guatemalan, and son-in-law of Ex-President Barillas, has negotiated for the largest individual purchase ever made at Palo Alto. He bought twenty-two fillies, nearly all of them two-year olds, from what remained after the Palo Alto stock was divided for sale, and the youngsters are now on their way to Guatemala. Senor Ojega and Ex-President Barillas are jointly interested in breeding trotting horses, and have a stable of over three hundred. Most of these are Spanish or Arabian horses. A cross will be made between the foreigners and the American fillies, most of which are by Azmoor, Wildnut or Piedmont.

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PLAY HOUSE GOSSIP

THE Princess Nicotine, the opera comique which Lillian Russell has used as a vehicle for her re-entrance upon the stage of her former and numerous successes, is produced in the most sumptuous manner, and it would be impossible to find fault with its groupings, color effects and scenic accessories. The music, by William Furst, the musical director of the Empire Theatre, is varied in melody and never takes hints from the concert halls. The libretto, by Messrs. Byrne and Louis Harrison, falls rather flat. The plot itself furnishes opportunities for the development of dramatic and humorous complications, but the complications have not been seized, and a great deal of what is evidently intended to be badinage between the comedians is simply stale chaff thinly disguised. As for Miss Russell herself, she is, as ever, statuesque, but she is becoming more of the Junoesque type than I ever thought possible. She wears, of course, innumerable and glittering costumes, and she is at all times a most ravishing spectacle, well worthy the attention of the calcium light man. She has been accused of flattening her notes now and then, but it is scarcely worth while to call her to account for this, in view of the fact that she is upon the stage almost continually, and that while there she is called upon to sing music that abounds in vocal fireworks. There are a great many other people employed in the production of Princess Nicotine, but they might as well be acting in some other city for all the audience cares, for attention is concentrated entirely and gladly upon Miss Russell.

The cosmopolitan aspect that the audience at the Metropolitan Opera House have assumed this season is worthy of more than passing notice. It indicates more clearly than anything else that even within the last two years this city has become broader and loftier in its social make-up, or perhaps I had better say, its artistic make-up. As I strolled through the corridor of the Metropolitan on its opening night I noticed men of almost every nationality and strata of life. I was rather surprised to see my barber and my tailor among the standees, but I suppose they came there, like a great many others, to see the show in the auditorium rather than that upon the stage.

I do not suppose there has been ever a grand opera organization of an individual and collective brilliancy equal to that Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau have given us this season, and I pause to consider whether there is any singer of any importance at all left over for Europe.

I was much amused at the performance of Faust at the Metropolitan to hear the vigorous applause evoked by the appearance of some men mounted on horses during the street scene.

There is quite as much human nature in a Metropolitan audience as there is in a Bowery audience, the only difference being that in the former it is more carefully covered. But men mounted on real horses upon the stage overcame the restraint of even the blasé worldlings that go in for grand opera. There was any quantity of animated horses on the street just before and just after the performance of Faust, but I failed to note that they created any enthusiasm at all.

I hear it is likely that Lettie Lind, the supple London Gaiety skirt dancer, who appeared in the London production of Morocco Bound, will be engaged by A. M. Palmer to appear in the extravaganza when he stages it at the Garden Theatre the latter part of January.

The revival of the Cloak and Sword romantic drama made by Alexander Salvini at the Star Theatre are artistic in purpose and engrossing in interest. The Three Guardsmen is one of Dumas's most picturesque and effective plays, and as interpreted at the Star its venerable characters and characteristics take on a new lease of life.

Owing to the fact that the auditorium of Palmer's Theatre is not large enough to accommodate the audiences that gather to see 1492 on Saturday afternoons, Mr. Rice and Mr. Palmer have decided to give henceforth matinées also on Wednesday.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES

VOGUE is issued weekly on Thursdays.

Head Office, 220 Fourth Avenue, New York. Cable Address: "Vogue, New York."

Paris. Em. Terquem, 19 Rue Scribe.

Subscription for the United States, Canada and Mexico, Four dollars a year in advance, postage free. For foreign countries in the postal union, five dollars a year, postage free. Remit by check, draft or postal or express money order Other remittances at sender's risk. Single copies ten cents.

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